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WHEN SUMMER FLOWERS ARE BLOWING.

When summer flowers are blowing,
Gentle rivulets, slow flowing,
Trickle, trickle
To the transient hum of bees—
And the leafy noise of trees,
Rustle, rustle.

When winter frosts are biting,
Snowflakes cold and pure alighting,
Softly, softly,
Carpet all the rigid earth—
Liquid moonbeams dance in mirth
Gaily, gaily.

When Life's sweet summer's ending,
Or the snows of age descending,
Scorn not, scorn not:
Twixt lazy clouds, reclining,
Still memory's beams are shining—
Mourn not, mourn not.

HERBERT PORTER.

LITERATURE.

LITERATURE is a written concentration of the living and true moving forces of Life, set upon paper and symbolically represented by words and sense, that convey the reality of creative or decadent growth. But, writers, to obtain the highest degree of duty and perfection, should regard their thought as accurately representative of creative forces, serving the immortal outreaching of human beings and giving them articulate vision—a creative aim. Life to be lived nobly must have purpose that is eternal, a purpose that is adequate to human needs—not one, that concerns the transitory tune of self-appointed masters of society.

N. B.

THE OBJECTIVE ASPECT OF MARRIAGE.

What is marriage? What is its purpose?

Shall it be an agency of the State, through which multifarious self-seeking groups work their will and aim to subject Woman and Man to a servitude, or a creative medium through which Woman and Man release and fuse the potential powers entrusted to their use and direction from within by their Creator? Are Woman and Man each other's keepers or collaborators?

An encyclopaedia states—Marriage consists essentially in the cohabitation of males and females for the purpose of reproduction and the care of off-spring. Among animals, the sanction of marriage is rooted in instinct; among the lower races it is founded on the slow growth of custom and tradition; among the higher human races marriage becomes an institutional (whose?), in which the sanction of legal enactments is superimposed on those of custom and tradition. The care of offspring is an essential element in the constitution of marriage. From the point of view of the State, the object of marriage is procreation.

This, mind you, is our best civilized fundamental moral and legal view! Animals, with less mental capacity than human beings, mate for the same end. This definition suffices for the orthodox, who have disguised their purposes behind the all-promoting basis of romance, but the pioneers of the future are not content that marriage shall serve the powers of tyranny disguised behind abstractions.

The entity, which is created by marriage, obviously consists of the members, husband and wife. The husband-wife membership is primary, the parent-child membership second and derivative. The child-breeding function does not suffice to explain the family in terms of purpose of its members.

The two, who plan their future together, should understand that the family for them is not an institution given them by society, but a situation given them by Nature. It consists of a woman and a man, and possibly a child. The family, which they are to establish, is too personal to be merely a political unit (except for politicians and theologians), too spontaneous to be merely a social institution, and too isolated to be a mere organ of the economic system; it is rooted in Nature itself.

The freedom and comprehensiveness of personal relationships are not contradictory qualities, but complementary. And, without the possibility of free *autonomous* action by the subject of personal relationship, there can be no effective appreciation of personal value in the object thereof.

The four qualities, nontransferability, continuous variation, freedom, and comprehensiveness, are the characteristics of every personal relationship. To the extent they are lacking, the relationship lacks personal character. The function of the family is not a matter of what the family does or fails to do for the (organized) world, but of what the family members do, or fail to do for each other. Therefore, the end to be proposed is one, which relates on the one hand to the actions—on the other to the intentions of the members thereof. What combination of intention and achievement, of will and act, is to be compounded for marriage? Only those, who are seeking to govern their destiny by means of intelligence, knowledge, and understanding, can make use of any objective.

The importance of inward harmony of personality in marriage is being emphasized by advanced students as never before, and the vision and ideal toward which women and men equally shall strive is the new objective of the future.

To exalt virginity (this does not mean to deplore it !) as the pre-requisite of marriage is in this day inappropriate, since it betokens emphasis on the sexual impulse of the race. It is not conductive to success in the marital relationship, which should be essentially human, personal, and *psychicly creative.* Otherwise the result is often that the maiden falls in love with the first acceptable man, who offers her marriage, and the man woos the virgin, not the personality ! This has ever been the destructive approach to marriage.

One should marry only that person, who helps one as a soul partner, to assist in rising superior to those difficulties which are less ably coped with alone. Woman and Man are essentially dynamic, aspiring, evolutionary; and marriage can only bring fulfilment, as it intensifies growth. Whenever it causes diminution, it fails in its purpose.

Woman has value and dignity, not only as a member of marriage partnership, but as an entity in herself; exactly like Man she has her centre in herself. But in marriage the centre is neither in the husband nor the wife, but above the two in a spiritual third quantity.

Monogamous marriage in the future can survive, only if borne by a personal *creative* relationship from human being to human being. The new marriage will be more difficult than in the past, because it will make demands on *living* creative powers. As long as marriage was a predetermined crystallized form, strife, whims, brutality, and self-seeking could exert little power on it. But in the future it will be a problem daily renewed, successful only to those of intelligence and self-knowledge and discipline.

As Keyserling states—How can I in a practical manner recognize the person who best suits me for marriage?—is to put the question the wrong way. There is no help for those, unconscious of their own soul and its objective needs.

C. G. Jung states that every man bears in his heart the image of Woman. This image is in reality an unconscious primeval inheritance engraved on the living system, a "type" of every experience of Woman (?)—the residue of all impressions left by women. Woman also has an inborn (or environmentally and traditionally acquired?) image of Man. As the image is unconscious, it is always unconsciously projected into the beloved figure, and is one of the essential causes of passionate attraction, or the contrary.

All impressions of life are essentially symbolic, and in this connection mental concepts and physical images are on the same plane. All material phenomena naturally possesses intellectual and spiritual significance for us. The fact of being attracted or repelled by another ought to be seriously considered. Each individual life develops in accord with its mental images.

It is indisputable! We are drawn into marriage by one who appears to embody those spiritual and creative ideals which have been engraved upon the soul and brain from childhood. Yet youth is drawn toward marriage by the vague phantom of romance, the unknown desire for untasted experience and mysteries, which every piece of literature and the elders make more mysterious. Woman and Man, through these, have been inspired to seek in marriage their acquisitive desires. They are never given a clear conscious *content* toward which to build, and from which personality and creativeness may obtain full maturity. What has been, and is, envisaged vaguely, is a static state from which all hopes automatically come, after the ceremonious performance of legal and religious permission. And all over the world, orthodox masters, romantic tradition and literature, are still perpetuating the *form*. No serious attempt has yet been made to visually capture the *content*, except by present-day methods of psycho-analysis.

If the law of Life is creative unity, and the uniting of harmonious forces, and among human beings is the fullest expansion and maturity of one's individual creative talent; then marriage is a partnership and union between the most creative talents of Woman and Man, for the purpose of objectifying their powers into an end in which they are both completed, fulfilled, and perpetuated, humanly and worthily. Certainly what Woman and Man should be most concerned about in giving birth to is the content of personality, and the creative powers of the mind in the child—not its mere physical and economic existence. I defy anoyone to objectify a more divine and more worthy part, for which Woman and Man have been intended by their Creator.

STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD.

P. T. O.

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CONCLUSION

When the chief concern of Woman and Man becomes a matter of what they endeavor to create together, we shall have less difficulty about their conflicts. Our fiction, poetry, plays, literature in general, will then become less vague, less graphic, less adolescently crystallized to the immaturity of romantic unfulfilment, with which Woman and Man are tortured with all through life, and will begin to take a share in the content of the struggle of Woman and Man to create *of* themselves something *eternal* in their soul, and the aspirations of Life itself. Novelists will be less among the misfits trying to compensate their loss and incompetence in literature, and will use it as an expression of what they are attempting to create in the realities of their own lives.

Then we may hope to open a book that begins with the creative aspect of marriage and find in it something of the content that makes it productive, evolutionarily creative, and complete in its course of growth and result.

Life in all its parts is expansive and creative; each female and male unit of a species is propelled byinner laws to its own fulfilment. Religion founded on dual conflicting aspects, on asceticism, external control and repression, is today revealed as promoting destruction—and not construction. Contrary to the debasing methods of the past and present, Life is not subjective, but inwardly objective. Marriage cannot be elevated by any other law.

> The goal of evolution is the psychic person.
> Person acts behind the mask of body.
> The basic idea of person is self-determined unfoldment.

Marriage is not an instrument of the State, or a religious autocracy. It is an instrument of an autonomous Woman and Man for their growth, fulfilment, and eternal evolution.

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

MIXED EFFICIENCY FOR INDIAN WOMEN

WE live in an age of materialism, and most of the problems we deal with have to do with international matters. It was a *statesman*, who said this; but I presume he meant his dictum to apply to other than *political* matters. How indeed can the modern world exist otherwise, when everywhere nations and races are beginning to intermix and intermarry? Time was, when it was thought a loss of dignity to borrow from other nations; even now the same thought obtains in political circles. But, why should there be such an idea? Imitation does not mean that one party is always inferior to another in quality, though it might mean

of course inferiority at the time. India, for instance, was said to be at the height of its civilization, when England was far in the the lower grade. Now India is recovering from a downfall, while England claims to be high up. Therefore, all the modern improvements, which have been given to our country by the West, would surely have been instituted by us, if we had kept our ancient state, so, why not take graciously, as well as give eagerly? The great danger of course is that there is a chance of national traditions and natural dignity being lost by the intermixture, not only because of discordant incongruity. but also because of native depreciation. But, so long as the national ideal is not lost sight of, everything is bound to come right.

One hears everywhere of the mixed efficiency, which ought to obtain in Indian life ; but, one finds it difficult to fix details. One can only generalise on a broad basis, not on hard and fast lines, but on plastic principles. This should not be a difficult process, for the education of our youth in Indian schools and colleges, tempered by finishing processes in Western centres, is apt to produce a mixed culture ; and the training of society, profession and government is all towards internationalism. But, let us warn ourselves to advance slowly and cautiously, after due tests have been made, to be self-controlled enough to hang back when necessary, and not to make too bizarre a mixture of the materials so lavishly at our disposal.

There are certain modern-day material virtues, which can well be adopted by any nation, though they may seem somewhat hard and unyielding to peace-loving gentle natures—the *esprit-de-corps*, which, even while criticising, can tolerate ; the punctuality and preciseness, which never lets down others, even in the smallest details ; the persistence and the *Nil Desperandum* spirit, which can level mountains and bridge valleys ; the sporting *Noblesse oblige* nature which is based, not on show, but on principle. With these, of course, must be associated spiritual qualities of gentleness and mercy, self-denial and sacrifice, toleration and magnanimity, kindness aud hospitality. Out of the combination will evolve, a masterly organization, a wonderful orderliness, a methodical service and a disciplined advance, which will be a Nation's best assets in the march of progress; and every individual is herein of account; like the brick which, though ignobly small when compared to the great edifice, yet is a very necessary part of the whole structure.

As philosophers have told us, it is the woman's hand, which eventually controls humanity, and it is the home, which turns out the nation. Moreover, women are the most tenacious keepers of tradition in any country, and it is up to them to safe-guard the interests of national welfare.

Shall we then pause to consider how our Indian women can help in the modern, which means the mixed-efficiency, growth of their country?

I think we can safely begin with the general system of the *home*. Here, first I would advise a *time for everything*. There are so many of our women, who find no time to go out, or to mix with others. They seem to be always in a muddle, in a twitter, not able to settle calmly to anything, a fault which applies also to our sisters of the West. Now, a period can well be set apart, first for home duties and the preparation of children for school, and of the husband for his work; secondly there can be found time for personal reading, a niche for which must be made in the daily life of every woman. Then there can be a period for the practice of music, whether English or Indian; this is a custom which it would be well for every Indian lady to adopt; for. it is often such a pity to be told, as often we usually are, that lady musicians have allowed their talents to get rusted by unuse, just for want of time to practise. Again, there must be a time for companionship with husband, with children, with relatives, with friends, as we find in the admirable life of Droupadi of old; lastly, there must be a time for leisure, whether for recreation and games, for society visits, or for rest, quiet contemplation and solitary walks.

Secondly, there must be *arrangement* in the home, for which due trouble and thought must be taken, and no slackness or inertia allowed. Take the sitting-room, for instance. It often happens that our Indian women never take trouble to see to its arrangement; yet there is no doubt that it will be all the better for the soft touch of a woman's hand. Indeed, the character of the lady of the home can very often be diagnosed by the arrangement of the principal room of the house. First, I would suggest the need for space to move in, and not the over-crowding of furniture. Secondly, there must be thought for convenience, such as the correct placing of lights for work and reading; the proper arrangement of the piano for the dispersion of sound; the easy setting of chairs for conversation; the sprinkling of tables for things to be placed on, and the non-crowding of them with trifles, which leave no room for necessary articles. Thirdly, there should be comfort thought about, viz. deep chairs, foot-stools, cushions etc. so that the room should appear to be lived in. Then, there should be harmony and taste in colouring, in aggregation, and in assembling. There should be thought for beauty; for instance, flowers in the room, the choice of good articles and pictures and the rejection of tawdry, flimsy, and ugly trifles. There should be expediency and suitability to the climate, such as the choice of cool colours like green, the scarcity of curtains which catch dirt, the keeping away of glare.

Lastly, there should be cleanliness, the carpets and mats and furniture being daily dusted, the floor swept clean, the pictures made straight, everything kept in good repair. I have often seen a beautiful house and a fine drawing-room thoroughly spoilt by broken tatties or blinds or flower-tubs just outside; sometimes the best of chairs are marked by greasy backs, where oily heads are wont to be laid; sometimes the most costly lamps are smoky and dully dirty. I would advise clean habits to be extended to the garden and compound, as well as to the animals and pets of the family, which should be daily picked of insects, brushed, taken for exercise, not always tied up, but made familiar by affection and talking, instead of merely being kept for show, defence, or use.

Like the sitting-room, every other room in the house should be kept in pretty order. In our Indian houses, it often happens that there are no separate rooms for people; but I think such a custom would be a good one especially when it comes to the providing of a guest-room, always ready and clean. The beds in the bed-room always neatly and comfortably made up with the cleanest of linen; stands and racks for drying clothes in the proper place, not all over the house as sometimes seen, or with no room at all for them, but just allowed to be thrown about or squeezed in anywhere, out of which seclusion, they emerge crumpled and soiled; the discipline of servants to be neatly-dressed, always ready for service, and trim, deft and noiseless in their work; the training of children to be clean and neat at least for a time, and not always to be sucking their fingers, or fiddling with their noses and ears; the teaching of young men and girls to help themselves, others and the servants;—all such practices make a home well-worth living in.

The supply of food is a subject well-deserving consideration. Charts and lists of necessary diet can be obtained everywhere for the house-wife to study; but too much rigidity in this direction is apt to weary and stultify the appetite. If, with proper attention to dieting and tasty cooking of food, is combined attractiveness in serving, such as clean table-linen, well-burnished crockery and cultery and above all spotless glass, the domestic side of home will certainly be appreciated. There are some undesirable habits worth mentioning in this matter, which can be avoided, such as blowing on milk to cool it, putting in fingers into it to see if it has cooled, the non-washing of greasy hands with soap after eating, the drinking of any sort of water, the parboiling of food, carelessness about flies and bad smells and dirty drains, the smearing of the floor with insanitary, though much-lauded, cow dung.

Then, there is clothing to consider. In this respect, the first necessity would be suitability to our warm climate, lightness and

expediency for use Too many of our ladies, for instance, go in for heavy and unwieldy *sarees*, which leave them rather shackled for work and movement. Then there should be choice of rich colours to suit different complexions: there should be neatness in wearing, such as not allowing the *sari* to hang low in the dust or come untidy at all times; there should be real, and not merely so-called, cleanliness in clothes, e. g. the *Madi* or special Saris used in the cooking and service of food by Brahmins must be, not merely thrown into water every day, but also boiled and soaped. Attention to some other details would be welcome as well, such as the daily brushing of abundant hair, not merely combing it, the avoidance of too much oil, and the study of a neat arrangement to suit the style of face; the proper manicuring of hands; the wearing of shoes outside the house, so as to avoid dust and germs, and the correct choice of footwear for comfort, walking and exercise; the avoidance of unnecessary cosmetics, powders and paints, which is alas, rather coming into use in modern days. Such things need unremitting attention and care; but so many of us allow ourselves to get sloppy and careless, especially after marriage, when there is supposed to be no need to study attractiveness.

Next to the home in our consideration comes *Society*. There is, of course, to be thought of first, service to other people, which can be done either individually or collectively, in groups, centres, associations and clubs, in intellectual coteries, reading-circles, etc: There must also be trouble taken to make friends, not only with Indians but with Europeans as well; to call on people according to ordained English custom, to return calls and make friends. Then there is the essentiul duty of every woman to learn to entertain and be entertained, not merely in real entertainments, but at all times and places. The mistress of a house must study to make her guests and visitors at home; be a true *lady* in fact, which term I take to signify one who puts others at their ease. For this, toleration is necessary, such as the allowance of smoking, even when such a habit is not personally liked. There must be continued and constant thought for others; for instance, the conversation of others, even were they bores, must be listened to and taken interest in. There must be denying of self-interest. There can be a good deal of tact and charm exercised in these matters, to avoid discomfort, unhappiness and social misery. Another factor of good entertainment is the capability and energy of making things *go* with a swing. Of course, there can be such a thing as making them go too much, like the habit of some hostesses, of incessantly occupying their guests in games and competitions, or of asking them to change places from person to person for the sake of making acquaintance with each one. And, in all this, the woman must not be shy, but be gracious and charming, talking not too stridently and not fidegetting nervously with fingers or

hands and feet. True kindliness of heart indeed is wanted, and a real desire to please others and make them happy, not just a desire to show off how well one can entertain ; and there must also be a natural behaviour, a determination to do one's best and a courage to act up to one's convictions, even at the risk of being criticised or ridiculed by others.

"A DAUGHTER OF INDIA."

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL FREEDOM.

WHEN arrived at that intellectual point when mental impressions have become formulated and judgment and the will have taken up their important function of discrimination between positive and negative ideas, every mortal may be considered a free agent.

Observe how the mind is open to impressions of every conceivable kind—scientific, artistic, philosophic, moral, immoral, optimistic, pessimistic, and the like. Thus, by discrimination and judgment only, do we lay aside one set of ideas and adopt another. The particular types of thought which appeal to our individual temperament, are those which, generally speaking, we adopt. Yet, if we be unscientific, we may become scientifically trained by constant application to the scientific idea. Or, if we be illogical, we may be trained to think logically, by diligent application to the study of logic. Therefore, peculiar temperamental differences may be overcome by a highly-concentrated will. Of Gladstone it is averred that there never was a subject brought forward for discussion, upon which he could not offer some knowledge. That speaks highly for the truly-trained mind, for he must have spent a lifetime among the best Dictionaries and Encyclopædias, in addition to thousands of text books. Such is the triumph of the intellectual and moral freedom of genius. The genius gets the labour and the world gets the benefit.

So the mind yields good growth in proportion as it is cultivated. It is like a garden; the more attention it receives, the more beautiful are the flowers of knowledge and wisdom which spring up in it.

Every thought we think, has a proportionate and relative value to every other thought, no matter how distinct, and no matter whether it be born of sensation, or whether it be the outcome of a tedious process of reasoning. Therefore, one of the prime factors in the education of the mind, is to train it so that judgment may be enabled to give the correct proportionate value to any thought or set of thoughts in relation to all other thoughts.

This is a great acquisition and, in proportion as it is practised in youth, it become consolidated in manhood. This is the measure of the power of the mind. Therefore Bacon wrote, "Read not to contradict or confute, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

Intellectual and moral freedom can be acquired only by thinking for oneself. If we accept the opinion and argument of any short-sighted babbler with whom we may happen to be cast into contact, or of any book which may be fortuitously presented to our intelligence, we remain as ships having no rudder. Let us learn the sequences of logic, and have with us, at all times, an intellectual and moral anchor,

In each mortal is the germ of universal power. We possess it, developed or undeveloped. If it be latent, it but awaits the awakening action of the will. We all, by the individualism and temperament with which Nature has endowed us, tread a path dissimilar from all other men, but our ultimate destiny is one with all others. Every soul must be a self-determined force. The moment of our choice is the crisis in our history.

All things are one thing diversified. and men must be mentally and morally free to grow unto that lofty state of perception which grasps the highest and truest in human life, and which mounts, step by step, to the unguessed palaces of the Infinite. Every Ego may be a free being in all the Universes of the Spirit and Matter. We have but to desire the good, and the opportunity to rise presents itself anon. The scale is infinite, but know that the truth shall make you free.

HERBERT PORTER.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER VII.

Gauri stood on the verandah, listening to her sister singing one of her favourite hymns, for Mallika had come home for the holidays. Some days had passed since Gauri and her husband had had their disagreement. Things were going on more or less as usual, except for the difference that the two now behaved rather as strangers towards each other. And Gauri's heart was sore, though the last few days she had felt better with Mallika's cheering presence near her.

"Thou are coming," rang out the clear young voice, and then dropped so low, that Gauri could not quite make out the words. She smiled to herself, for she thought her sister was trying to be effective in expression.

"Thou art coming, oh my king," continued Mallika
In thy beauty all resplendent,
In thy glory all transcendent,
Well, may I rejoice and sing;
Coming all to me alone,
Herald brightness slowly swells
Coming, lover of my own,
Hear I not thy golden bells."

The last four lines were sung very low, but Gauri just made out the words and a puzzle1, yet worried, expression came on her face.

"What is she up to?" she thought to herself. "Is it possible she is singing about that man? Oh dear, dear, what will Arjuna think?'

Softly on her bare feet, she passed into the room and stood behind her sister.

"What are you singing, my dear?" she queried. Mallika jumped, swung round on her stool and caught Gauri by the waist.

"Did you—make out—the words?" she asked, hiding her face. "I was hoping no one would hear."

"Yes, I did," answered the elder girl, trying to hide a smile, "and I am surprised at you. Of whom were you singing?"

Mallika did not answer.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself to set a hymn-tune to secular words? You are really getting very—very profane you know, Mallika."

"When did you learn all this silly talk, Gauri?" asked the younger girl. In the old days, you were as good as me in making rhymes to hymn-tunes. I am sure you are learning it from your precious Arjuna."

"And what if I am?" asked Gauri. "Is there anything wrong in trying to respect sacred things?"

"Because a hymn is sacred, should the tune be sacred also? Don't the Salvation Army people sing sacred words to ordinary tunes? Why should it not be the other way about? Now, don't be angry, Gauri. You know in your heart, I am not wrong. I do wish all this smugness amongst us, Christians, was done away with. Your Arjuna—"

"Please don't call him smug, Mallika."

"All right, I won't. But, isn't smug to be so conventional?"

"Never mind, all that. About whom were you singing just now?"

"About——about——him."

"Him? Whom?"

"Oh, don't pretend so much, Gauri. You are getting very, very artificial. Don't you know whom I am taling about? Did I not write to you about him?"

"Mr. Mathuram?"

"The very same," whispered Mallika, again hiding her face.

"Oh, little sister, has it come to this? Do you really like him so much?"

A little murmur from Mallika was the only answer.

"Who is he? What do I know about him? Where does he come from?"

"There, there," said Mallika, pushing Gauri into a chair, and sitting at her feet, "don't you worry yourself. I know all about him. You can ask your friends, the Rama Raos, all about him. It was they, who introduced him to me."

"Really?"

"Now, don't say 'really' in that superior tone, Gauri. Don't you love your little sister? Don't you like to see her happy?"

"Of course, darling."

"Well then," said Mallika triumphantly, but shyly, "you must do as I want; and I———I————want that———man."

"Supposed I don't like him, Mallika."

The girl hesitated, and then spoke with determination. "Even then, sister mine, I am afraid that I must stick to him, if—if he sticks to me. I should be sorry to offend you, but you know—you know——"

"I know you were always an obstinate creature, but you weren't quite like this before, Mallika."

"No, Gauri—I was a child then, but now I am a woman, with all a woman's strength. I can stand against the whole world. I——" then realising what she was saying, Mallika paused and went off into laughter. "What am I going off into heroics like this for, I wonder? But still, Gauri, even if you object, I shall stick to him. Don't laugh at me, sister."

"I am not laughing at you dear. I admire you, really. But has he asked you to marry him?"

"No, but I am sure he intends to. I——I——want you to see him for yourself, make friends with him, and like him, as I am sure you will. And, Arjuna also, of course. But, I don't know, when it will be possible for you to meet him. He is busy and has few holidays. Perhaps, Arjuna will want to make enquiries about him. May be, he has already done so. He is a cute beggar, you know."

Gauri winced. "How could he make enquiries about him, when I never told him about this matter?" asked she. "And don't call him names, Mallika."

"Never told him? Why?"

"You asked me not to. Don't you remember your first letter about him?"

"And you have been keeping the whole matter secret? What a girl you are! And here, I have been hoping you had finished your enquiries, and all was right. Well, well——"

"It is all very well to talk like that, Mallika. But I took you at your word."

"You are too simple-minded Gauri. I forget what I said in my first letter; but surely I didn't repeat in my other letters that you should keep the matter secret?"

"No, you did not, but——"

"Why do you speak so resentfully, sister?"

"Well," said Gauri reluctantly, "that was the first cause of our——our——disagreement. No——no, I did not mean to say that."

"Poor Gauri," softly murmured her sister, "Have you begun to disagreee then? Is all marriage like that? A little while of happiness, then quarrels?"

"We haven't quarrelled."

"No but you aren't friends, as you used to be. It is better to quarrel and then make up, than be cold to each other, though."

"Where did you learn all this, little one?"

"I have been reading Tennyson. Besides, my eyes have been opened by——Love." The last words came very softly.

Tears came into Gauri's eyes, and she leant far back in her chair to hide them. But Mallika understood her, and squeezed her hand in silence.

"How the child has improved!" thought the elder sister, in the midst of the confusion, which reigned in her mind. "She is becoming a woman. But I wish——I wish——she was not growing up."

The two sisters stayed quiet for a while. Then Mallika broke the pause. "Gauri" she said rather hesitatingly. "I would advise you to tell Arjuna what there was in that first letter. It would be better if you showed it to him; you haven't not got it with you, suppose."

"No, I have torn it up."

"What a pity; will you tell him then?"

Gauri nodded.

Mallika whispered after a while: "What about the other man, Gauri? Are you sorry for having married Arjuna?"

"Be quiet, child," retorted Gauri starting up, but Mallika pushed her down. "You have no right to talk like that. There is no other man."

"Mr. Prakash, I mean. Your first husband."

"He was never my husband. It was all wrong."

"Forgive me, Gauri," said Mallika humbly. "I did not know you felt like that. But—but—what sort of a man was he?"

"Who?"

"Why, my—my first brother-in-law, of course. There, there, don't be angry. Sit down Gauri. Just one more question. Have you got a photo of him? It is such a pity I could not see him, and Sankar also."

"I think there is a photo somewhere among mother's letters. But I have not looked through them, Mallika. I could not bear to."

"My poor Gauri: Then you do love your husband dearly, and he does not love you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"Excuse me, darling. Perhaps I am wrong; but as the novels say—"

"Never mind, the novels, darling. Tell me, why you think he does not—"

"Love you? I should not say 'love' exactly; I mean 'approve'. He loves you, I think: he looks at you so funnily sometimes, as if he could eat you up. But there is something wrong, isn't there, something besides my wretched letter?"

Gauri was silent, and after a pause, the bold younger sister took up the tale again.

"Don't be angry with me, Gauri, but may I tell you one thing?"

"You may," answered Gauri, smiling in spite of herself.

"Well then, why don't you dress better?

"What is wrong with my dress?" asked Gauri, looking at her pretty, pale, pink, cotton sari, with its narrow border of gold.

"It is a pretty *sari*, I admit, but look at your blouse".

"Why, it is a nice white one."

"Yes, but so plainly made. It might be an Ayah's blouse."

"I know what you mean, Mallika, but I like my dress."

"No doubt you do, but does he? You are going to church, this morning aren't you? Then, why go with bare feet?"

"I shall wear sandals."

"Sandals?" sniffed Mallika. "Why not nice high-heeled shoes and silk stockings? Look at Arjuna's cousin, Pushpam, how she dresses, She looks so smart and nice. And all the Madras girls dress like her; and Arjuna likes her too, you know. Why not pull out your hair a little more, and bring it over your ears,

Gauri, as I do? You do it loose enough, and the style suits you: but it isn't correct."

"Mother did not like the other way, and I was going to tell you........"

"My dear, I am going to dress as I jolly well like, and not be guided by you to be a.........a.........dowdy creature. Then, when you put the sari over your head in church, you just pull it over; but Pushpam pins it over her ears, and it looks so fine. I wish I could learn to do that. I am going to ask her to show me."

"No, you will not."

"Yes, I will. Who is to prevent me? Not you, for I know you wish me to be happy."

"Well—well—"

"Gauri, why do you always wear that Indian jewel round your neck. Why not an English chain?"

"Oh, I am tired of you and your fashions," grumbled Gauri, standing up. "There comes Arjuna now. Come and have your coffee, Mallika. It is getting late."

Arjuna came into the room and smiled at Mallika. Then he looked at his wife.

"Coming to church, Gauri?" he asked.

Something in his method of asking, and in his look, pierced Gauri to the heart. He seemed to look at her in such a disapproving way, looking from her to Mallika and back again with lifted eye-brows. She had known that Arjuna agreed with Mallika about her dress, he had spoken to her about it, but never seriously. He had never looked at her as he did today, and her heart suddenly felt hot with resentment. What right had he to treat her like that? What had been good enough for her father and mother, surely ought to be good for him. She made up her mind not to go to church.

"No" she answered him, after a slight pause.

"But", broke in Mallika, "you told me you were coming."

"Did I?" asked Gauri nonchalantly, "Then I have changed my mind."

"I know women are privileged to change their minds," said Arjuna, "but I thought my wife was different, I thought she never changed her mind about things."

Mallika looked at him with laughing eyes, in which, however, lay an under-current of seriousness.

"Really," she drawled, "and have you found any woman like that? Your worthy cousin, Pushpam, for instance?"

"Pushpam" he said stiffly, "is certainly a girl, who is rather consistent in her ways."

"And you thought Gauri would be like that?"

"Yes, indeed. I did."

"And she has disappointed you? You don't answer. Silence is consent. You must exemplify, my worthy brother-in-law? for instance, how?"

"Her dress now. She will not change her old fashioned ways."

Gauri looked up.

"Would you really like me to dress like Pushpam?" she queried.

"I certainly prefer her costume to yours in some things. Anybody would, I think. But, you will not listen to me."

"Have you really asked me to change?" she asked.

"Not seriously, but we have talked about it, haven't we?"

"And all that you say is law, isn't it Arjuna?" asked Mallika. "Wives promise to obey their husbands and they must obey. When I get married, I shall whisper 'not' to myself before the word, 'obey'. Then I can in all conscience disobey my husband."

"Will you?" he asked laughing. "But Gauri, why don't you come to church? You generally make excuses to stay away, you know. Don't you like church?"

"Oh, it is pure laziness on her part, brother-in-law,"

"No," said Gauri. "It is not laziness; but I like to attend church, only when I feel inclined to. Why should I force myself?"

"But going to church is a duty, you know."

"So say our Indian Christians, but really I feel tired when I see them all marching like sheep to service, so decorously, the women with saris drawn like sacks over their heads; the men with well-oiled hair; and all their faces so smug and solemn, as if butter will not melt in their mouths."

Both her hearers looked at Gauri with surprise; but she pretended not to notice them.

"I don't wish to go to church as a recreation," she said pouring out the coffee, for they had sat down to breakfast. "So many people do."

"How do you know that? asked Arjuna.

"They have nothing to do the whole week; and it seems such an excitement to them to go to church. And with Sunday, they think they have finished the Christian duty. They go home and they squabble and quarrel and lose their temper, and beat their children and scold their servants. Did not the Bishop preach one day that we should not be satisfied with ourselves, just because we go regularly to church. Christianity, he said, meant a Christ-like life, not mere Christian observances."

"But that does not mean that church-going is bad."

"No; but still church-going ought to put us into a better frame of mind. When I hear a ranting or a scolding sermon, or feel hot and stuffy in church, or am disturbed by crying children, or have to listen to discordant music, I feel all upset and come home in a bad temper."

"Do you?" asked Arjuna laughing. "You haven't shown it though."

In spite of herself, a pleased look came into Gauri's eyes; but she felt that she had taken the bit between her teeth and must go on.

"Then, they are so insincere and inconsistent. In church they are so sweet; when they are out, they slander right and left"!

"Don't slander them, yourself, Gauri. Aren't you doing it now?"

"Yes," said Gauri, "I am doing it, but not with spite in my heart. I don't wish them evil."

"Then you think that gossip is admissible?" asked Mallika.

"In a small measure, I suppose," said Arjuna, looking at Gauri. "I agree with your sister about that. So long as we do not wish other people harm, or are jealous of them, I think there is no harm in talking of their weakness, provided of course, we do not prejudice other people by our talk. It may be a sort of harmless amusement, and it may do good to us, for we shall learn to avoid the mistakes we criticise. But Gauri, let us go back to our subject. Don't you think we ought to set an example by going to church? Going to church means worship in association with others."

"But not in an insincere spirit, nor when I am full of resentment, and they are full of criticism. Where is the feeling of worship then?"

"You must have it yourself, in spite of the others."

"I cannot. I am not a saint, neither do I like to be a hypocrite."

"Come, come, Gauri, are you not being too supercilious today? Are you not thinking too highly about yourself, and setting yourself above the others?"

"Yes, but I cannot help it. And I don't like the spirit of ostentation in church. Why should only well-to-do Indian Christians sit high?"

"Do you mean me?" asked Arjuna.

"I—I—am sorry, but in a measure I do." answered Gauri with down-cast eyes.

"I think you are right, Gauri." said Arjuna gravely.

"And I," chimed in Mallika, "don't like those satisfied comments on the memorial tables; like 'well-done, thou good and faith

ful servant!' How can we say whether our people have done well enough to please God? It is for God to judge, not for us."

"True, true," murmured Arjuna. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings etc."

"And then," said Mallika, refusing to be mollified. "I do hate the noise the children make at church. Why should they be brought to church? If they make a noise inside, they are sent out, and there they scream and shout and play, and we cannot fix our attention on the service."

"I hate the way some churches are left to children, when service is not held," said Gauri. "Young people think nothing of playing marbles or cards on the verandah. Is that the way to use a sacred edifice?"

"My dear, don't be too high and mighty." Said Arjuna, "That is the fault of the peon, you know."

"Why not get a better peon?"

Arjuna shrugged his shoulders.

"And one gets so used to the service," continued Gauri. "The same prayers, the same responses, the same chants rattled off as fast as can be done. And one thing more. Why don't they have more lyrics? Why should they always sing the English tunes?"

"I am sure, I don't know why. Perhaps, because they have a swing and a rhythm about them, which is very attractive. And, after all, our lyrics are sung so badly. They are usually modelled on Indian music, which our people do not understand; so I think a well sung English tune is better than a badly-sung Indian tune, sung even by Indians."

"Why not learn then?"

"Who is to teach them? Will you, Gauri? You ought to, you know. You have been taught Indian music."

"No.........no.........not I." murmured Gauri in confusion.

"There you are! You ever wish to be in the background. You never like to come out or try to influence others for their good, even though you talk of their faults."

"How do I know I am better than they?"

"Why criticise them then?"

Gauri felt non-plussed for a moment. Then she brightened up, "I am not criticising them," she said, "because they are not right in the general sense, but because they are not right to me. On the other hand, they may be right, and I wrong. Each one can have one's opinions. I do not go to church, not because it is not good, but because I don't always like it."

"My dear girl, you are splitting hairs. Church is really meant for the community, not for the individual. Besides, don't forget that you are an Indian Christian yourself. In criticising others, you criticise yourself."

Gauri was silent, for she was feeling very unhappy at having expressed herself so strongly. What evil spirit had possessed her?

"And don't begin to be too overbearing, dear." added Arjuna turning away. "That is not like me Gauri. Won't you change your mind and come to church?"

That was the finishing touch to the poor little wife. Hot tears came to her eyes and threatened to run over. She quickly turned away to hide them......an action which Arjuna unfortunately took to be directed at himself.

"Well, well," he said, drawing himself up. "Please yourself, Gauri. I didn't know you were so obstinate. Come Mallika, our precious discussion has made us late."

As the car purred away, Gauri broke down altogether. It was not obstinacy, she wanted to cry out after her husband. It was just mere silliness and wounded feeling on her part, which had made her talk as she did, especially when he had tried to be kind to her, after their late disagreement. But how could she go to church in her present dress? Would she not be a blot in his eyes? And after all, ought she not to try to please him even in her dress? Even her father, she remembered, had often objected to her old-fashioned ways. Oh, she had been wrong, she had baited her husband. What would he think of her? "Not like his Gauri," he had said. He had looked so disappointed too. Perhaps now he would really be sorry that he had married her. She would bring disgrace on him. She felt sorry then, and her heart grew softer. But then came the thought that he preferred Pushpam to her. At that she stiffened. She could not be a hypocrite and pretend to be what she was not, just to please him. He must like her as she was. Perhaps he should not have married her at all. And she drew back like a snail into her shell of shyness and pugnacity. When Arjuna returned from church, he did not meet the Gauri who had repented for a time, but the cold and proud Gauri that he had left.

(To be continued)

K. S.

LOVE IS KIND.

MR. Natesan stood gazing at his wife and children from the doorway. They presented a pretty picture of domestic happiness and comfort. The mother and the boy were spelling out a story from a big picture book, and the girl sat listening to them.

Some perception of his loving regard, or perhaps some movement by him, disturbed her, and she looked up quickly in his direction. Then, she smiled a charming smile. The children jumped up and ran to their father; and soon had him sitting in his favourite chair, the while they competed with each other at pulling off his shoes and fetching him his slippers, his pipe and matches and a cool drink. It was a delightful welcome for the father after a hard evening's work, and he felt there was nothing better in life that he could desire.

Soon the children had been sent off to get ready for bed; and the man and woman sat by the open windows conversing happily. But, after a while, it was evident that there had come some sort of tension between them. Natesan regarded his wife questioningly.

"Isn't yours a too high ideal, Nalini?" he said. "How can there ever be a man or a woman so perfect as you think?"

"It is not so much perfection that I want," she said, "as a desire to be perfect."

"We all desire to be perfect."

"Yes, but not intensely or single-heartedly. There are several occasions on which we get bored with merely doing right. It becomes too humdrum a life. We long for the excitement of some wrong-doing."

"You are too severe, my dear."

"Perhaps; but haven't you yourself excused a sin on a man's part by saying that that was natural to human beings?"

"I have," he said laughingly. "I like to judge by the motive and by the attendant circumstances."

"Yes, but one must not allow oneself to be lax in one's moral estimates."

"Then, you'll never forgive a friend, if he or she does wrong now and then?"

"I———"

"Will you forgive me, for instance, if ever you find that I have fallen short of your ideal of perfection, Nalini?"

"Love's ideals are bound to be correct, you know. When a good woman idealises her lover, her estimate is bound to be correct."

"If he ever falls off the pedestal......"

"Of course that may happen," she said impatiently, "but he must repent; and also the sin must be only a minor one."

"It does not matter, I suppose, if the sin is of the past? If he keeps his state clean after he has known the woman, it will be all right?"

"Why yes, I suppose."

"But if he goes wrong then?"

"I suppose he is bound to forfeit some of his wife's respect."

"Must love be always accompanied by respect? Can't we love a sinner?"

"I wonder. I don't think I can. I would need to honour my man, before I love him. And my man is you—and why are you looking like that? Have you done anything greatly wrong?" She looked at him with laughter in her fine eyes.

"Nothing of course, my dear. I—I am not being personal."

"Of course you are not," she replied, stooping over him in one of her rare caresses. "I love my man because he is perfect in my eyes. Little things don't matter; but in the big things of life he is great."

"You remember that old mistake of mine, don't you?"

"Of course I do; but why are you so determined to run yourself down today? But there, the children are calling? Are you going to the club today?"

"Yes, I shall. I must meet a man there."

As she went upstairs, she smiled as she recalled their conversation, and then forgot all about it. She was destined to recall it again very soon.

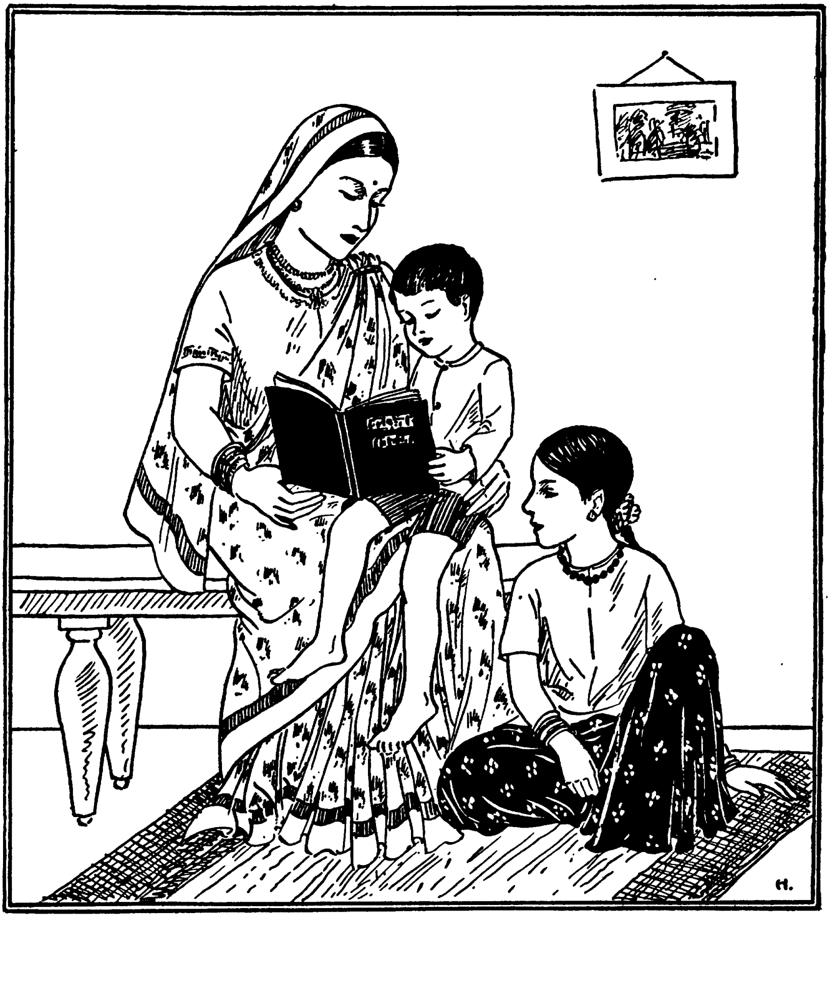
About a month later, Nalini had finished presiding at one of her famous tea-parties; and she was just snatching a breathing space of rest at an open window, before going out to her guests in the garden. Suddenly, two voices just below her arrested her attention. You must not think she was ordinarily an eavesdropper; but in this instance she could not help being one, for the reason that she heard her husband's name mentioned.

"Yes, Natesan is a bit of a poser," one man said to another. "We are all like that, I suppose; but to deceive a woman like his splendid wife, is a bit of a crime, isn't it?"

"True it is; but what is it he has specially done?"

"You remember the girl he was engaged to be married to at first? No? Well, this engagement was broken off by the parents; the girl was married to someone else. Now, she is a widow and has come back to this town; and our friend is constantly going to her, I hear."

LOVE IS KIND.



MARA PUBLIC LI
DRAS

"There is no harm in that, is there?"

"Not, if it is not carried too far. But it seems to be going that way here. Last night, they were seen together on the Marina, while his poor wife was waiting for him to return from his business."

The voices passed on, leaving Nalini to digest the information given to her. It was then that she recalled the conversation about perfection between her husband and herself. Oh, God, what was she to do, if this was true? Some instinct told her it was.

..............Again, Nalini sat with her children in the evening. Again Natesan stood at the door looking upon them. Again, Nalini looked up at him and smiled. But there was something wanting this time. Some special quality had fled; and both the man and the woman felt it.

Later in their conversation, Nalini said to her husband, as if continuing their talk of some days before:

"Do you remember what I said concerning love and respect?"

"That love must go with respect?"

"Yes. I gave the impression that love cannot exist without respect. But now—I think that love will never be lost, even if a time comes, when the respect is forfeited. What I mean is, love must be always love, whatever be the person on whom it is spent. But as a rule it happens that love's ideals come correct. I mean, suppose a good woman loves a man devotedly. She has then idealised him in her heart and set him up upon a pedestal. For some reason, he falls off it. Does she then love him the less? No, she loves him the more if possible, for with love now, is joined pity and protection. And she knows all the time that, though he has sinned in some measure, yet the man is still worth her love. The motives in him, the springs of him, are still fine; and therefore, in spite of temporary aberrations, he deserves her love still. The instinct of love is generally correct. But, even if he is hopelessly wrong, she cannot love him the less, just as a mother can't unlove a sinning son. In the love of the wife is often included maternal love."

She had been saying all this in a low voice, not looking at him; and he had allowed her to speak on without an interruption. But now, he got up, stretched himself and yawned. He hesitated as if he wished to say something; but finally he only said.

"My dear, I am glad you have changed. But I wish you had told me this before. Never mind. I am off to the club now. I shall try to come back soon. But don't wait dinner for me, if I am late."

Left alone, Nolini wept bitter tears. Oh, her man, her man!

Natesan stood that evening before a woman of a far different type to his wife's. She was fragile, flashing, pretty and pert. She was like a butterfly of rich hues, darting about in scintillating splendour. Her laughing glances again and again lighted upon Natesan; but he did not respond.

"I came to tell you, Chamanti, that all this must end."

"End?"

"Yes, you took me by surprise, when you came to me a while ago. The old fascination you had for me seemed to come back. And you were so sad, so craving for pity. So—so, you took me in. But thank God—I have found myself out in time. Your attraction is gone, my wife—"

"Is this the way to speak to a woman?" she asked crossly—"Is this your chivalry?"

Time was when her pouting lips, through which the teeth shone like pearls, would have roused his admiration; but now they only made him impatient.

"You have asked for it, Chamanti. You tried to make me false to my wife. I nearly fell, but thank God, not quite. So, so I came to wish you 'goodbye".

"Won't you come again?"

"I will, but this time with my wife. I shall tell her about you, and she will understand, and we shall help you in your trouble."

"But she will never allow it. She will never forgive. She is a prude."

"Not she—I know her. Besides, I have really done nothing wrong."

"But your intention?"

"Only for a while. I have been really faithful to her."

"Oh, you silly, silly man!"

..................Again, Natesan looked in at his wife with her children; and again she smiled at him. And now there seemed to something be new and enchantingly fine in everything. There was electricity present.

They hurried the childen off, and then he took her hand in his, and said:

"You remember what you said about love and respect? Does it apply even to perverse deception? Suppose the man purposly hides sins from his wife, and won't tell her, but lets her think him as good as before. Will love continue then?"

"It will, it will."

And so, he told her everything, and he asked her pardon; and she gave it to him. And that is why they are happy still.

KAMALA.

IN MAN'S REALM.

HOME TRUTHS FROM THE EPICS.

Spring is youth for trees; youth is wealth for a person; wealth is necessary for service; and woman attains prosperity in young age. A pundit's education is sharp during youth.

The rain that falls in the sea; the food that is given to the man who has no hunger; the money that is given to the wealthy; the youth that is apparent in the pauper; all these are of no use in the practical world.

One should do *dharma* in this world, as virtues and sins alone can accompany a man to the after-world. The money that is hoarded, and the money that is not utilised for the good of the people, will not stay with a man at death. Such wealth will purposely stay like Pandora's box in this world. Sons and relations will accompany the body only to the burial ground. Sins and virtues will dog you to eternity.

Prison is the proper place for the thief; a shaven head is the proper punishment for a harlot; aloofness from the husband is the proper punishment for a dutiful wife; and not to talk is the proper punishment for a friend.

A man who leaves debts to his son is a foe; an unchaste mother is an enemy to her offspring; a son without culture or education is a dreaded foe.

Women have no freedom for obvious reasons in Hindu society. During young age, they are under the kind protection of the parents; during youth, under the protection of the husband; and during middle age under the protection of the son.

You should never go with an empty hand to the house, to a place of piligrimage, to the temple, to a pregnant woman, to an old man, to a king, and to a Guru.

A rogue will get angry if you preach goodness to him; if you use threatening language, he will get alarmed.

The man who gave education, the man who gave succour during adversity, the man who gave food during famine, and the man who discarded fear, are the real persons who are entitled to be called 'parents'.

The wealth that is given to the poor, to reviving *pooja* in a fallen temple, to burying a discarded corpse, is the best a man can have in this world.

The following are hereditary instincts, and are not habits created by education :—the art of giving, kind words, courage, the

faculty to discriminate between good and bad, and the desire to be useful to others.

There is infinite sorrow for a man who has a shrew as a wife, who has a servant who is proud, who has a house that is haunted, and who has a scheming friend.

None should live in a country which bestows no bounties, and which is devoid of love, friends, millionaires and education. None should live in a place where there is no temple.

The fruit of learning the Vedas is to perform the Agnihotra, the bestowal of gifts is the result of being rich, the possession of children is the result of married life, and the fruit of learning the shastras is to abide by the rules stipulated therein.

A rowdy is loved in the house, a lord in his village, a king in his country, and a *vidwan* everywhere.

N. RAMABHADRAN.

ALONE.

The room was small,
The ashes in the grate were chill and dead,
The noon-day sun streamed thro' the open door,
Upon the little bed.

'Twas very hot,—
The room was poor, but all so freshly neat,
The little lass so frail within her bed
Lay tired and flushed with heat.

The postman passed,
"Ah, yes," she smiled, "soon Mother will be here,"
And lovingly she touched a little rose,
That stood in water near.

"We shall be glad,
Dear little rose, so glad just you and me,
Suppose you were not here at all, oh dear,
How lonely I should be."

The child lay still
With dreamy eye, till footsteps echo'd near
Upon the hot and dust-white country road,
Resounding brisk and clear.

The garden gate
With haste was pushed aside, no waiting time,

And o'er the bed the fond young mother bent,
"I've come, oh girlie mine."

Ah to be home—
What joy! those petty worries of the working day,
When irate clients asked her strength, her thought,
In dimness passed away.

"And are you tired,
My little one, all day to lie just here?
Oh, if there was no loving girlie mine,
Just waiting for me, dear,—

How lonely, oh,
How lonely, sad, wee girlie mine, I'd be!
But, while life holds a little child, a flower,—
No loneliness can be.

HILDA L. EVERETT.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

I noticed a very funny coincidence today. I was reading some Indian Myths and was surprised to see that worshippers addressed Agni, the fire God, with as much familiarity as Macdonald speaks of God in his novels.

In Macdonald's book, "David Elgin-brodde" these words come in the grave-yard inscription of David's father, Martin;—

"Here lie I, Martin Elgin-Brodde,
Ha'e mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I wad dae were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elgin-brodde"

Agni's worshippers used to address Agni in this wise: "If, O Agni, thou wert a mortal and I an immortal, I would not abandon thee to wrong or to penury. My worshippers should not be poor, nor distressed, nor miserable."

People nowadays don't seem to realise that God is as much, if not much more, than a friend to them, as well as a Father. They don't understand that God has the same feelings towards them as they have towards their own children or fellow-men. Lots of them go with the idea that, if they compared themselves to God, or put themselves in His place, they would displease the Lord. Of course, God is infinitely greater than us, and is Almighty in goodness and power; and it would be absurd to compare ourselves

with Him wholly, but there is surely no harm in putting ourselves in His place as Martin Elginbrodde did. We can get to understand God so much more, if we realise that He has got the same nature as a good man on earth, only His goodness is infinitely and vastly greater than any human man can ever have, unless he is a divine incarnation, like Christ. God's goodness is perfect, with no flaw in it; but, when man compares the little goodness that he has to the vast goodness of God, and realises that God will judge men as he would, surely God would be more pleased than angry. Some modern missionaries get shocks, if we talk about Christ familiarly, as perhaps we talk to our parents. We do not mean disrespect to our parents, when we talk to them as to chums. Indeed, we only do so, because of the intense love that we bear them, and because there is that comradeship between us that onlookers cannot understand. It must be this same feeling towards God, which prompts us to be familiar with Him, as He is our Father and our very best friend. He can understand us well.

"AMICUS"

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) OUR SERIAL STORY.

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS.

Mohun set out for the bazaar in due time, to do the shopping; Vasant, having assisted his elder brother in making paper chains, floral wealths, china lanterns, stars and other decorations, was supervising the erection of the marriage pandal. The gardener had brought a heap of flowering branches and twigs of the gold mohur, dak tree, and others at this time in blossom; and, when the pandal was finished, the bower would be worth the reception of fairy kings and queens.

Rukmini and Seeta possessed what they called a Doll's Villa, under a clump of five-year old cocoanut palms, with short broad trunks and a shower of long graceful green fonds interlaced overhead. According to the idea of the architects, the dolls were pretty well satisfied with the villa, which consisted of nothing more than a kitchen with two mud ovens, an open front, and the whole building was without a roof. Raji had not as yet advanced her claims to put up a third oven in the Villa, as all her culinary activities, for the time being, were confined to cooking imaginary food over toy fire-places. Chandra, the housemaid and actual builder of

Kumari Tara Naik, of Share Maharani High School, who won the Sports Championship in the annual athletic sports of the Ladies section of the All-India Athletic Tournaments, held recently at Baroda.

7 JUN 1931

Miss. V. N. Tulasi, aged eleven who won the first, Prize in the Violin contest held by the Madras Music Academy at Triplicane. She also won the first Prize in the Bharathi Song Competition held by the Mahajana Sabha.

7 JUN 1931

the pile, had on this Saturday plastered the walls and fire-place with cowdung, borddering the edges with red clay; and the two girls had exhibited all their skill in decorating the surfaces with gleaming white *Kolams* of beautiful tracery.

Rukmini and Seeta had suffered a slight disappointment when their mother revised the bill of fare, ordering only a few items. The elder sister had therefore to choose between plain rice and potato stew on the one hand, and *pulihar* rice and spinage on the other, whereas Seeta was faced with an alternative between *halva* and sweet cakes: When the actual cooking began, both girls, however, deeply regretted that they had even undertaken the business at all.

"How I wish I had a useful assistant," sighed Seeta,

"And I wish I could meet the person who wrote the recipes for my dishes. There are so many things vaguely hinted at, that I really don't know how to begin. Who will have the oil bath first, you or I, Seet? Mother won't excuse us today."

"But it is proper for us all to have our baths on the wedding-day you know," the younger sister spoke consolingly. "We must also give a ceremonial bath to the bride and bridegroom, Rook. Where are they now?"

"In the wicker basket," her elder sister answered and continued, "Very well, then I shall have the bath first. But Seet, wear a saree today at least. Just fancy the bridegroom's mother in a blouse and skirt, and you taller than I! Everybody thinks I am your junior in age."

After Rukmini left her, Seeta lapsed into reflection which often took the shape of loud conversations with herself or some inanimate object.

"Now, I'll tell you what," began Seeta. "Only that allumi-nium pan is available for cooking halva. What quantity of rice-meal will it hold? Wait a minute—is rice-meal, or wheat-meal the right thing? Oh dear, that blessed book—I can never remember it all. I say I am mad. Well, if it is not halva, I shall cook something nice with almond, sugar candy, currants, cashewnuts, ghee, cocoanut and—and—wait, I'll tell you. What do you think of bits of plantain? Oh yes, plantain is just the thing."

All the while she was soliloquizing, it would have intensely tickled one to watch the thousand contortions of her face, which became more violent, as she gave way to excitement or temper. She stopped her articulate thinking, clapped her hands and gave a jump. Then, striking the floor with her heel, Seeta continued:

"Let me go on, please. I wonder why the wedding invitation amused father. Vasant boy's spelling? Ha-ha-ha-Shall I laugh? am I permitted to laugh?"

Here, Seeta, who was rapidly striding back and forward as was her habit when in deep thought, stopped suddenly and burst into peals of hysterical laughter. Presently, the soft silvery ring of childish laughter attracted her attention to the door-way. Babu, who had been disfiguring the verandah pavement with his so-called chalk drawings, had heard his sister's soliloquy and not yet comprehending her nature of talking and laughing to herself, had crept to the threshold to watch her, till her final grimaces and boisterous merriment had touched his baby-sense of the ludicrous.

"Hullo," cried his half-lunatic sister, when she heard his voice, and tried to get over her own fit, which on that account became all the more violent, till the scene presented a farce, the big sister and the small brother, holding their sides with such laughter, that great big tears rolled down the cheeks of both and their voices became hoarse. When at last Seeta could control herself, she muttered under her breath:

"I have laughed too much. It is a bad omen. Something is going to happen."

She lifted Babu on to her shoulder and gave him a ride, trotting round and round the room to the boy's immense joy. By and by, Seeta, forgetting her burden, crossed the threshold and Babu received a stunning blow on his crown. The poor child screamed in agony and Seeta ran with him into the garden, wildly singing and inventing a thousand stories about the flowers and butterflies, all the while rocking him in her arms.

When the little fellow was sufficiently pacified, the girl brought him back into the room and set him on a table, heaping a pile of pictures before him. Then she began undoing her plait for the bath, and went into an abstract mood once more.

"What a wretch you are to go to pieces on such an important day as this? I am sure you are a thing of bad omen. It is only two days—"

"What are you saying, child?"

Seeta gave a start, so entirely unconscious was she of her mother's entering the room with a plate of rice and *sambar* and omelette for the baby.

"Nothing, mother," she replied. "I was only talking to my blue glass-bangle. It broke against the wall and scratched my skin."

"Is Babu here? It is time for his break-fast." The girl answered, "No."

"Babu," called his mother turning towards the garden, and, from the table where Seeta had deposited him, came the eager response.

Mrs. Vikram looked at Seeta with a twinkle in her eye, and the corners of her mouth quivering,

"Why Seeta, you told me your brother was not here?"

Seeta opened her eyes wide in wonder and exclaimed,

"Did I, mother? I really don't remember,"

"Absent-minded creature!" muttered her mother as she took the child in her arms.

"Ma, my head break," moaned Babu and burst into a flood of tears once more.

"What, darling, did sister make you cry?" she asked in tenderest tones, stroking his head; but, when she felt the lump on the scalp, she was frightened, and Seeta full of remorse confessed her guilt.

(To be continued) H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) ON COURAGE.

Courage is one of life's shining qualities. Courage is light, while cowardice is darkness. A courageous person walks in the light while a coward gropes in the dark. Therefore to live in courage is to live in the light.

Freedom in life is a great gift, but most of us in this modern world do not have freedom. And why? Because we are subject to fear. We are made miserable by fear. We are made slaves by fear. We, slaves of fear, cannot know the joys of freedom. Therefore, to possess courage is to gain freedom.

Brave and noble thoughts and beautiful dreams are the food of our characters. Courage is the beginning of brave thoughts and beautiful dreams. We must, therefore, gain and cherish this great source and make our characters the fountain of noble thoughts and beautiful dreams.

Courage is peace and tranquility. We can never enjoy these, if we have no courage. A coward's mind is a stranger to inner joy. Courage arrests all our doubts. Parting from our doubts is gaining everlasting peace.

Courage leads to success. It enables us to defeat the difficulties in the path to success. Without courage, we cannot attain any success worth the name.

Will you not, then, cultivate courage, the gateway to freedom, the slayer of doubts, the killer of fear, the bringer of peace?

Courage, the torch-bearer to the soul!

V. BALAKRISHNAN,
IV FORM.

(3) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Do any of you keep a diary? I expect some of you are too young to do so; but those of you, who are old enough to write well, will find it a very interesting pastime. A better plan, however, is to keep a travelling journal, instead of a diary, because, the latter, if kept regularly, becomes rather a nuisance after many years and accumulates to countless volumes. If however, you merely have a book, in which you describe the various places of interest you have visited, it does not take up so much room and at the same time, comes in very useful later on.

The best plan is to have a fairly thick note-book, and write down your impressions of any interesting places you have been to. For instance, if you spend a holiday on the hills, write about the beautiful places you have seen, and the sort of people who live there, and describe the Temples or forts or any buildings or objects of religious or historical interest. In fact, make it a regular travelling journal. You have no idea how interesting it will be, and how it will improve your style of writing. A good way of making your journal of more value is by taking *snaps*, and sticking them on one side, while you write your descriptions on the other.

Think how valuable this journal will be to you when you grow up, and you can look back and recall all your young happy days. Perhaps, you may be even able to write a book of travels, and illustrate it with your snaps, and then you will actually be an author.

I would advise you, however, to be .as regular as possible in writing your travelling journal, as the continuity will be spolt, if you leave too many gaps.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

"It is the fashion for us to have plain blouses, and not elaborately embroidered or lacey ones. Your underclothes should be daintily made with good lace, or embroidery, but your blouses should be simple and tasteful and of good material." This is what I heard one College girl say to another, as she criticised the prettily-scalloped edges of the sleeves and neck of the blouse that her friend was wearing. And still, there are a set of people that simply will not wear plain blouses, but will exert all their powers of originality in trying to plan out unique ways of making their

blouses decorative and showy, until we have a whole orgy of flounced sleeves, tucks, quaint stitches running all over the material, beads shining in all visible places, cheap spangles glistening here and there, and common lace revealing the brown tint beneath. I cannot help thinking that a simple blouse will look much better with the *Sari*, with just a plain border or edging, or good embroidery at the sleeve and neck edges. Sometimes, blouses of Indian silk, with gold flowers woven in the silk, look very pretty indeed, and not cheap, as the material is expensive; but unfortunately most ladies who are Anglicised, go in for foreign silk and decorate it with various kinds of stitches etc., which do not look so becoming as if the foreign silk had a simple design worked on it. Our Indian women should strive at producing an artistic effect, and not try to attract the eye too much by bizarre or gaudy turn-outs.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS

THE dining room ought to be a very pleasant room, for different reasons. One is that it is a place where one has about two or three meals a day, and so its pleasantness has to add to the flavour of the food. It is also a room where the family must meet; for, however busy one is, one has to have food, and, in a well-managed house, meals must be regular, and eaten together.

Too often the dining room is a plain, unattrative room, just put together for convenience. Too little imagination is spent on it. In Indian homes, for those who take only Indian food, the room has to be in Indian style. It is the usual custom to have low plank stools to sit on; but, in one house where I dined, I saw little stools arranged before the diners: and all the necessary things arranged individually,—a convenient arrangement for those who cannot stoop much. For the rest, all the platters, glasses, spoons, forks, etc , must be, as we know, of perfect cleanliness and neatness and in necessary order.

For those who can afford them, two dining rooms, one in the English style, and one in the Indian style, will be useful. If not, the room can be arranged, half in the English style and half in the Indian way.

I have taken some hints from the Parents' Magazine. One necessary thing is a good light. The windows must always be kept open, to get rid of the stale smell of food. In the evenings, the lamps must be bright. An inverted globe in the centre; or well-arranged side-brackets on the walls, or (shaded) lamps on

stands at opposite sides of the table or the room, will be useful; while candle-lights can be used for the dining table.

The colours used in the dining room ought to be fresher and lighter than those in the sitting-room. The following are suggested: apricot, rose, yellow, soft green, blue. Curtains at the windows waving in the soft breeze, and showing glimpses of the garden, or of a pleasant scene, will be very fine. Purdahs between the dining room and the other rooms will be necessary. The cloths used on the side-tables can match. The table linen of course must be spotless; if polished tables are used, there must be absolute purity. Some people advocate no pictures in the dining-room, though older fashion hangs ancestors on the walls. Personally, I like pictures in the dining room.

With regard to the furniture, we are told that 'sets' are not necessary, but pieces can be selected. Simplicity and adaptation and harmonisation are needed above all things. A good table of separate pieces, folding if used in camp, and standing firmly on the floor, should be placed in the centre, or where a good light can be had, or near a wide window looking cutward. On it should be a low vase of flowers. Some people like a coloured or flowered cloth on a table, when not in use; but personally I like a bare table with the flowers.

The correct number of chairs for the family should be there. When not in use, two chairs can be left at the table, and the rest set against the walls at regular intervals. There should be a side-board against the wall, and a serving table if necessary on the other side. The former is often made the stand for a garish display of silver and glass; but too much seeking after effect in this way is not wise. A collection of good glass, or old china, or silver, can be in a glass-book case, or wall-shelf.

As for the crockery, the choosing of it must depend on individual taste. Cracked or broken plates and cups, should be put out of use; and personally I dislike enamelled coockery. Silver would be very suitable for an Indian home; only it should be remenbered that silver cups require something to shield the fingers from the strong heat of the handles.

HOME-DECORATOR.

SOCIETY SNAPS.

I. THE TELESCOPE AND THE SOPHIST.

BEING in the honourable company of a very great astronomer. a sophist requested that he might be allowed to look into

the eye-piece of the astronomer's giant telescope. As the mighty instrument was focussed upon various sections of the heavens, the insidious reasoner noticed that many stars, entirely invisible to the naked eye, stood out perfectly clearly amid the multitudinous array of starry bodies. This great astronomer had delved very deeply into the mysteries of the heavens, and he explained to the novice the Procession of the Equincxes—Colures—Solstitial Points—Nutation—Right Ascension—Declination and the like. The astronomer pointed out that, wonderful as was all this mighty mass of starry hosts, there existed myriads more, that could not be registered even by his fine telescope, because of its restricted powers of magnification. But the sophist flouted the wisdom of the scientist, because he could believe that alone, which he could see with his own eyes.

Moral: Everything is vibration. The human eye and ear vibrate to the measure of the near Physical only, and are really very imperfect instruments. There are myriads of sounds beyond the seven octaves—there are myriads of Universes beyond the range of sight of the human eye. It is sheer folly to deny the existence of the higher worlds and beings, because our limited senses do not apprehend them.

H. P.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN

THE COLLEGE GIRL AT HOME.

"Oh, mother, I hate the idea of not being able to go out alone. Why should I always have a servant behind me, as if I cannot look after myself. When I am in College, I go all over the town by myself, in buses and everywhere. No one does anything to us. People respect women too much these days to be rude or discourteous to them."

"That is all very well in a big town like Madras, dear," replied the tired mother, rather annoyed at the constant arguments which her daughter indulged in, after returning from College. "In a Moffusil town, there are a number of rowdies who have no respect for anyone, and it is dark now, and surely you cannot go out by yourself at this time of night."

"Oh, very well, mother, then I will not go out at all. I hate being treated like a baby and being followed about by innumerable servants. I shall just stay at home and not go out."

"Very well dear, do as you like, but remember that, as long as you are in my house, you must do as I wish, and I will not allow you to go out alone at night without a servant."

And so the girl pouted and sulked awhile, and the mother took no notice of her. But, about an hour afterwards, the girl saw that her mother had been right, and tried to show she was sorry by genuinely trying to help her mother. This time, however, the mother misunderstood her, and still thinking of the futile arguments of her daughter an hour ago, refused to allow her to help, and so there was a little rift between the mother and daughter, which gradually grew to a feeling on the mother's part that the daughter was grown too modern and was too much imbued with the spirit of freedom and craving for excitement, which she thought a College career always supplied to girls.

But the girl herself, in trying to show her love for home, which was mingled with a strange desire to be free, was often considered illogical and superficial. And so it very often happens, that girls who have received a good education in modern India, and still are old-fashioned enough to wish to stay at home, are at a loss as to what to do, and where to draw the line, and often unreasonable in their demands. Such girls should speedily try to adjust themselves, and make up their minds as to what they exactly want, and not worry their parents too much by silly arguments and demands.

PUNKAJAM.

TACT IN SOCIETY.

"Oh, Goodness, there's Mrs. P——come. I'm so busy, and she will stay such an age. She is a regular "sticking plaster, and will never go. Whatever shall I do." And I heard my friend Toru grumbling to herself as the servant announced the name of Mrs. P——.

Then, after putting her work together, she told the servant to ask the lady to come in, for she was too courteous and honest a girl to say she was not at home, when she was actually there.

Mrs. P——walked into the sitting room, and Toru went to meet her with as radiant a smile, as she could summon at the moment under the circumstances. Mrs. P——was over-joyed, and there followed a long conversation, or rather a monologue spoken by Mrs. P——while Toru listened as much as she possibly could, and tried her best to sympathise with her visitor's various troubles, and not let her mind wander to other subjects. The visit lasted for full two hours, during which time Mrs. P——was replenished with light refreshments supplied by the kind and hospitable hostess. At last, after many post-scripts, Mrs. P——left the premises, and Toru heaved a sigh of relief; but her morning's work was spoilt, and she had to keep what she had wished to do that day, for the next day.

"Why didn't you get rid of her?" I asked. "You could have easily told her that you were very busy, and had no time to see her."

"Oh no, I couldn't do that," answered Toru, "because I felt so sorry for the woman. She is lonely, and has no one to confide in".

"Well," I said, "if such is the case, there is nothing more to be said." But I could not help wondering why some people are so tactless as to prolong their visits to such a length of time, that it becomes almost unendurable for the host and hostess to talk to them any longer. Surely, short sweet visits are much more appreciated by everyone. Why should some people stay on and on? Have they no work to do, or no pleasures or hobbies of their own to occupy them, instead of their wasting other peoples' time? It is a common fault among many of our Indians to make their visits long and tedious, and the sooner they appreciate the value of short interesting calls, the better will it be for the country.

"WORLDLY-WISE".

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

Dear Editor,

In the course of a tour made recently in order to try and elucidate the causes of the very high early infant mortality in India, I was advised to include Palampur, a *tahsil* in the Kangra District of the Punjab. A light railway from Pathankote carries one to Palampur station, reaching about 7 p. m. The railway was made to serve Joginder Nagar two stations further on, the headquarters of the great hydro-electric scheme which is expected to do so much for the Punjab.

Miss Edgar, who is in charge of the women's work of the Canadian Mission met me with a motor car and we drove four or five miles to the Mission Headquarters, where I was hospitably put up by the ladies of the Mission. Darkness had fallen, so it was not until next day that I realised the wonderful scenery round about. Palampur is on the Himalayas over 4,000 feet high, surrounded by beautiful pine-clad hills, the lower slopes covered with rice fields and tea estates, and the upper slopes stretching on through woods and hamlets and scraps of fields to great rocks, which end in dazzling fields of everlasting snow, the hills around being over 18,000 feet in height.

After breakfast, we walked to the neighbouring village of Lohna, half a mile up a rough mountain road, lined with grand pines, and crossed by a dashing little cascade of water, which in Scotland we should call a burn. There was plenty of greenery, beautiful sunshine and blue sky, the air was cold and fresh, and

one felt one had at last reached the ideal paradise where sickness and pain and trouble could never enter.

Disillusionment followed.

The village of Lohna has 135 inhabitants. The houses are fairly good, one-storied, scattered; some are huts, some are more ambitious dwellings surrounding central courtyards. The rooms may be small and dark, but there is no purdah, and men, women and children spend most of their time in the open air. This village had been carefully surveyed about a year previously by Miss Edgar and Mrs. Curjel Wilson M. D., and they prepared cards giving particulars of each of the 135 inhabitants, their diet, physical condition and general health. 101 or 57% of these people were suffering from either *rickets* or *osteo malacia,* diseases which cause softening and distortion of the bones. Later the bones harden in the distorted position and become fixed. Rickets occur in babies and children, osteo malacia in adults. In one courtyard I saw a child on its mother's arm, whom I took to be a baby of 2, feeble and wasted, unable to sit up, and which was really 11 years old. The mother had been frequently told to bring the child to the Mission Dispensary for treatment, but had never done so. In another place, I saw a boy of 15 and a girl of 13, both stunted and deformed, just married, living together. I also saw a girl of 11, the size of a child of 6 and standing with difficulty. But, sad although this was, it was worse to see the women with osteo malacia, sometimes unable to walk, suffering severe pain, almost amounting to agony, and in some instances quite bedridden. The deformity of the pelvic bones leads to difficulty and obstruction in child-birth, causing terrible suffering and delay, frequent still-birth and only too often the death of the mother, I looked over the case book of the little Mission Hospital and frequently the entry stated that the Nurse had been called to a labour-case in the distant hills and arrived to find the mother dead, undelivered. There is no trained help except the Women Doctors and Nurses at the Mission Hospitals at Palampur and Kangra, but these are out of reach for many of the villages. There are some Government Dispensaries in these hills with male doctors, but the women in these parts will never allow a man to see them in such circumstances. The *dais* try their utmost, with cruel methods sometimes, but in such cases no treatment other than an operation in a good hospital will be successful.

The village of Lohna with its 57 % of affected people is not an unusual village ; in that part of the country it is the ordinary thing. We do not know how far this belt of disease extends—it is known to occur in other parts of India, though not to such an intensive degree. It is not known exactly how it is caused, although Vitamin deficiency and in some places confinement in

dark houses are concerned. One thing we do know, how to treat it. Mrs. Curjel Wilson laid down a scheme of treatment a year ago, which the missionaries have followed with very good results. The severer cases are kept in hospital (when they can be persuaded to stay) and given a diet rich in Vitamins—that is plenty of milk, butter, ghee, fresh vegetables, etc. They are given cod-liver oil, ostelin or vigantol which contain concentrated extract of vitamins. With this treatment the pain disappears, the patients are again able to walk and if the case is an early one, deformity of the pelvis is prevented. The ricketty children become normal.

And now comes the crux of the problem. The treatment is expensive. The diet, in that remote place, costs Rs. 17 per month for each patient. Vigantol and Ostelin are also expensive and the Mission has very restricted funds. The people are begining to understand the benefits of treatment and are flocking in. Are they to be sent away, the women to suffer all the horrors of obstructed child-birth and the little girls to grow up feeble, stunted and to the same heritage?

Government has been approached, bnt it is a time of special financial stringency in the Punjab and it can give no help. The Punjab Red Cross has contributed Rs. 200.

Will any of your more fortunate and well-to-do readers contribute to a special fund to provide the good diet and the medicines for the osteomalacic women and ricketty children, who come for treatment to the Palampur Mission Hospital? This is not a matter of ordinary charity, but of common humanity. Rs. 100 would make it possible to treat a woman, not too far gone, for 4 months, with the prospect of her recovery, and Rs. 500 would meet the yearly salary of a Health Visitor, who could visit the villages, instructing the people how to live, in order to avoid these terrible diseases.

Any contribution should be sent to the Lady-in-Charge, Canadian Mission, Palampur, Kangra Dist. Punjab, and should be earmarked for osteomalacic and ricketty patients,

M. I. BALFOUR, M. B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Many of our Indian women have a natural taste for needlework, painting, drawing and fancy-work. They can, therefore, make their homes very beautiful by working their cushions, screens, teapoy-covers and curtains, themselves. When the housewife exhibits her skill in some of the things in her home, there is always a personal touch, which makes the home more beautiful.

A child pointing to a picture and saying that his sister or mother painted it, and a husband showing off the talents of his wife as exhibited in the many pretty things in the sitting room, always make the room itself more appreciated. A housewife, therefore, if she has the gift, can very pleasantly occupy her spare hours in pen-painting, stencilling, bead-work, embroidery, painting, and innumerable other kinds of fancy-work.

A housewife should not, however be too eager to exhibit her handiwork. Only if it is very good and artistic should it be used. Cheap or carelessly-done work should be discarded. There is nothing so jarring to the eye as a badly-done piece of work being flaunted in prominent places.

"PADDY".

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

(TRANSLATED).

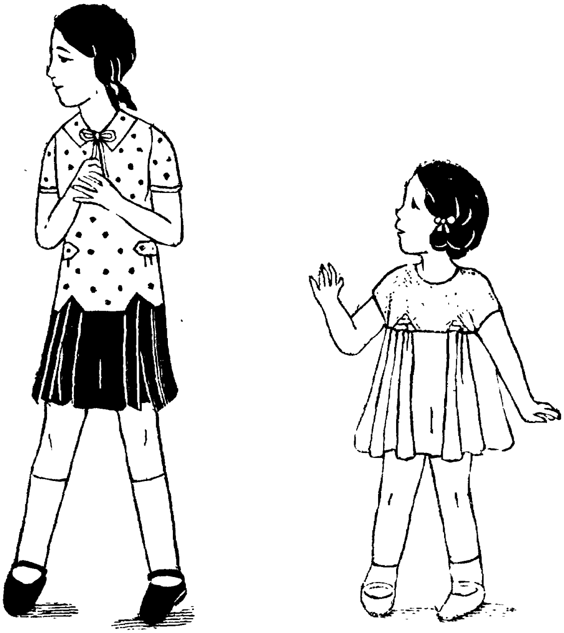
BRINJALS AND CURD-PACHCHADI.

Take 12 palams of tender, and at the same time big, variety of brinjals. Place them over burning cinders in the oven, until the outer layers get charred and fit for easy removal by hand. This process can also be done by cooking the brinjals in steam. Then peel off the outer skin and allow the brinjals to cool.

Mix ¼ measure of curds with ¼ palam of common salt in a tin-coated vessel and add to this ½ palam of green chilis cut into small slices, Put the brinjals into this and squeeze well with the curds.

Then boil ¼ palam of ghee in an iron spoon and put in ⅛ palam of dried chilis (cut into small pieces) ¼ palam of black-gram split, ⅛ palam of mustard seed. As soon as the hissing noise in the spoon subsides, which is a sign that the contents have been completely fried, pour them over the mixture of curd and brinjals referred to above and stir well.

OUR NEEDLE WORK NOTES.



OUR HEALTH NOTES.

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDHOOD.

A neglected cold in a young child may have serious consequences and may lead to Bronchitis and even Pneumonia.

Little children should be protected from the infection of colds as much as possible. No adult or older child with a running cold should be allowed in the room where there is a young baby, as the cold is infectious. Babies should not be taken into crowded hot rooms, and then out into the cold night air. They should not be left naked under a fast electric punkah, but should be covered with a light garment or shawl to prevent chills. They should be kept in the open air day and night, as much as possible, in order to keep them healthy.

If a baby has a cold, it should be protected from chills and wear a warm vest, but still kept in fresh air, as open air does not hurt children if they are properly clothed.

A few drops of disinfectant, such as oil of Eucalyptus, should be sprinkled on the bib, so that it can inhale the vapour constantly. The nose should be cleaned frequently, so that the air passages are kept as free as possible, and the child does not need to breathe through its mouth. Mustard or camphorated oil should be rubbed on the chest.

A simple cough mixture should be used, and if the cold does not rapidly improve, a doctor should be consulted.

APPLES FOR DYSENTERY.

Old popular remedies have a happy knack of turning up again, to the joy of sceptics, cynics, and other non-progressives. The latest revival is the use of apples in dysentery, typhoid, and other acute and chronic diarrhœal disorders of infancy and childhood, says *The Lancet* (March 8, 1930), Professor Moro, professor of diseases of children in the University of Heidelberg, recently discovered in an old book that apples were reputed to be a sovereign remedy for these disorders, and set himself to determine what grain of truth might lie in this. Accordingly children with high fever and dysentery, often seriously ill, were given ripe apples mashed into a puree, as much as 20 to 50 ounces daily—equivalent to 7 to 20 moderate-sized apples. Nothing else was given for two days, not even water. After this, a diet consisting of stale bread and butter, toast, mashed potatoes, lean meat, cream cheese, bananas, and cocoa, was given for another two days, and then the child resumed its normal diet. Fifty-two cases—some frank dysentery, others of non-specific acute and chronic diarrhœas of childhood—were treated on these lines with excellent results; with-

in 12 to 24 hours the fever had fallen, the diarrhœa had stopped, and the child looked well. No bad effect was observed ; relapses were very uncommon, and when they did occur were easily cured by another "apple day." No medicine was given.

--*American Medicine.*

NEWS AND NOTES

BRITISH women's admiration of the courage and determination of the women of India was voiced at the Women's Confe - ence in London arranged by the Commonwealth of India League, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence declaring that there had been nothing so thrilling in modern days.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, moving a resolution, which was carried, expressing admiration of the Indian Woman's heroic part in the struggle for political, social and economic emancipation, reminded them of the terrific task confronting them, in combating the "hideous" maternal mortality and improving the lot of the peasantry.

Mrs. Brijlal Nehru declared that it was impossible yet to say if India was safe for Empire. She was uncompromisingly determined to have a free hand in the Government of the country.

Mrs. Subbaroyan, a delegate to the Round Table Conference, has issued the following explanatory statement on the Memorandum on the Political Status of Women in the New Constitution for India :

"In the first place, we demanded that the conference itself should decide what women's position in the future constitution is to be. We pointed out that, if this question was deferred to a future and uncertain date, it would be far harder to secure for it adequate examination after the Indian constitution had been reformed and the claims of others to special consideration had been weighed and settled.

In the Memorandum, we also put forward three main definite proposals. We first asked that a clause should be inserted in the constitution, or in any declaration of fundamental rights attached to it, stating that sex shall be no disqualification for serving India, or in other words that men and women shall have equal rights of citizenship.

The second point we raised at the conference was about the franchise for women. We drew the attention of the Franchise Committee to the fact that, although the franchise qualification in India is identical for men and women, it, none the less, produced in

actual practice the most unequal results and that therefore the voting strength of women at present is inadequate when compared to their numbers. Consequently, we thought it was not unreasonable to ask that special franchise qualifications should be laid down for women. As a temporary measure and until adult franchise could be obtained, we suggested that, in addition to the qualifications for all electors, the following special qualifications for women electors should be introduced:

(1) Being over 21 years of age and the wife of a man who has the property qualification to vote.

(2) Being over 21 years of age and a widow, provided that her husband at the time of his death was so qualified.

The third question the women delegates dealt with was the question of the reservation of seats for women

We based this demand for a temporary reservation of seats for women on the contention that, while the presence of women in the legislatures is essential during the opening and formative years of the new constitution, they are unlikely to be returned in appreciable numbers when standing as candidates at open elections, owing to the public in India as in other parts of the world being unaccustomed to women in public life. Therefore for the present it is entirely illusory to imagine that women can enjoy "a fair field and no favour," if they stand in open elections.

As to the method of electien, after carefully examining the question, we decided to put forward a proposal which we believe will obviate the usual difficulties attendant on election to reserved seats. We suggested that these seats should be filled up by co-option by the legislative bodies voting by proportional representation, as soon as the legislative bodies have themselves been elected.

We suggest that the reservation of seats for women should disappear after two or three elections. We hope that by then the precedent for women in legislative bodies will have been so firmly established, their influence so felt, the franchise will have been so broadened, and education so advanced, that it will not be necessary to continue to have any safeguards for women.

As I stated at the Conference, we believe that our women are anxious to work side by side with our men in the building up of new India and in enabling her to take her rightful place among the great nations of the world, and that they should be given full opportunity to contribute their share to this great service.

We also beilieve that women have an important contribution to make to the political life of a nation and we feel convinced that this contribution has been felt and appreciated in all countries in which women have already obtained any real degree of political power.

The Women's Indian Association, Madras, did well to emphasise the need, when it waited in deputation on the Home Member, for the immediate enforcement of the Act for the suppression of brothels and immoral traffic in women and children. The Government has been deferring taking action on this subject for the reason that there were no rescue homes or other places, to which the girls rescued from the brothels or places where immoral traffic is carried on, could be sent. The Home Member also told the deputation that the Government contemplated modifying the Act, so that it could be made to apply only to the City of Madras in the first instance. The Women's Indian Association promptly pointed out that the object of making the Act apply to the whole province was that traffic in girls should not be driven to the mofussil areas and that unless the Act came into force throughout the province, the evil could not be grappled with satisfactorily. We hope that the Government of Madras will view favourably the points urged by the Association and take necessary action to enforce the provisions of the Act throughout the Presidency.

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WOMAN WHO WISHES TO BE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

What she will do when she is President of the United States has been outlined here by a woman, who styles herself Lady Marie Louise Montague and who declares she is a descendant of ancient Kings of the Isle of Man and that she is heir to the Earldom of Salisbury.

"I am the woman saviour of America" she said. "I want to mother humanity in the ethical nomination from the Democratic Party, and I expect to get it. A good, capable, moral woman will capture the imagination of the people."

Lady Marie is five feet in height, plump, with blue eyes and a prominent nose on which pince-nez are worn. Although she claims British descent, she was born in America, and her family have lived there for three generations.

Her views are positive. She is a moderate anti-Prohibitionist and is for "birth control by abstinence"—the abstinence to be controlled by Federal statute.

NOT WANTED

Few of us are aware of the amazing range of the interests of the League of Nations; and when, we are brought face to face with a new phase of its activities the revelation causes no little surprise. What has the League of Nations to do with

Beauty Competitions? On the face of it nothing at all, but we shall be greatly surprised if the expectations of those, who think that the League will refuse to take any action on the protest of the Association for the Protection of Young Girls, are fulfilled. The League Committee on Traffic in Women and Children exists to investigate all possible ramifications of this traffic; and the evidence of those who have followed the careers of competitors in beauty competitions indicates that they present a very real danger to young and susceptible women. It is significant in this connection that Switzerland has decided not to send a representative to participate in the All-Europe Beauty Competition this year, in deference to protests of various public organisations. Switzerland, alive to the value of every form of publicity, would not have taken this decision without good reason. Other countries have come to regard these competitions with grave suspicion, and not long since the Vatican denounced them as degrading, immoral, and irreligious. The League will not be deaf to so considerable a volume of public opinion, and we may yet have an authoritative verdict from it on this important matter. For our part we regard these Beauty Competitions as closely akin to the auction block whence beauty was sold to the highest bidder in the barbarous past. That women should be found to expose themselves to the gaze of the vulgar in the manner they are required to do in these competitions, is amazing; that parents should be found to permit them to do so, is deplorable.

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ALL-INDIA FLAG SALUTATION DAY.

Scene on the beach, in Madras.

Photo by :—S. Kannan, Triplicane.